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big things, including horses. He is the one who cured me. He pulled out a little animal from himself. That was his medicine. He showed it to the people present and its tail just shook. Then he doctored me by sucking on my cheek and on the nape of my neck. He extracted from me a fingernail. It was just all green, it had been in there so long. I had not called White Weasel until the fall. . . .

"White Weasel said that it was not a spirit that had shot me but that it had been done by somebody living although he did not mention the person's name. I never knew who did it."

"There was a man," Singer said on another occasion, "who had power to cure this stomach-eating sickness. His name was Bad Bad Bull. In his lodge he had little willow back-rests with fringes along each side, and on each piece of fringe he had these little animals that cause this sickness. When anyone was in that lodge and would, for instance, be helping his wife to find something and would come across one of these little animals and would draw away frightened. Bad Bad Bull would say; 'What are you scared of? They won't do anything to you.'

"Bad Bad Bull's nephew's wife had this stomach-eating sickness. It was making her poorly and she was sick all the time. The old fellow said: 'Oh I will pity my nephew. If his wife dies and he has to go out and cry. I guess I will pity him and doctor his wife.'

"So they fixed the lodge in readiness for the doctoring. Iron Bucket, my husband, was present there for the doctoring. They all sat around, and Bad Bad Bull told them to sing and said: 'When you get through singing I will pick away all the stuff that the animal has eaten. And then I am going to suck this thing out. I want you to catch hold of my back locks of hair and hold my head up.'

"He had them heat two rocks and these rocks were still in the fire while he was doctoring. So they watched him when he was throwing that bad stuff out. When he had his mouth ready to suck, they pulled his head up, and he had that animal in his mouth. So, as they always do, they all looked at it. When Iron Bucket saw it, it was round and most of it was mouth. After they had all seen it, Bad Bad Bull had them pull the two red-hot rocks out of the fire, and he put the animal on them and burned it up. The woman